

Immortality in Fickle Affection

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DISCLAIMER: Not ours, no money. NOTES: Takes place in the Kingdom Hearts-verse. Specifically, the Coliseum. / / denotes thoughts WARNING: Yaoi smut, blood sport, some OOC (Hercules' personality lifted from KH rather than the movie, for one), a little Leon-bashing

Cloud gasped as the demi-god lifted him bodily into the air and thrust into him. Delicate fingers clawed at the bubble-like muscled arms holding him up.

"Oh, yes, give it to me, big boy!" he yelled, not caring who heard. Hercules grunted in response.

"Oh god," Cloud moaned, to which Hercules lifted his head in attention.

"Yes?"

"No, no," Cloud murmured breathlessly, "continue, please." And Cloud lightly swiped his small pink tongue across Hercules' swirly chin.

"Oh, you like that, huh?" grinned Hercules, showing teeth. "Let me show you what my demi-god can do." He pulled out of Cloud's tight, sweet bottom, and put him down on the arena sand none too gently.

"Ow!" Cloud squealed, then giggled. He waved his bum in the air. "I don't think I can wait any longer for your hard man-meat!"

"Just a moment, my sexy little gerbil," said Hercules, who was doing something out of sight.

Hercules turned around so that his back was facing the needy blond. Hiking up his pleated leather skirt, Hercules pulled out his pulsating love truncheon and affixed something to it. That done, he turned about and faced the young SOLDIER with a greasy smirk on his face.

"So, what do you think?"

Cloud gasped in awe and lust. Hercules' glorious member was glowing with the gold aura of godhood, and there was something attached to the base, metal and spiky.

"Oh, Hercules, hurry up! I'm getting so hot," Cloud moaned as sexily as he could. "Only what's that?"

The metal, in the shape of a circle with a hole for Hercules' purple, veiny dick, gleamed in the afternoon sun.

"Never mind that," said Hercules, and entered him in one quick thrust.

"Oooh!" Cloud groaned as he felt the demi-god's gargantuan cock touching him inside his love-hole. Then Hercules slid all the way in and the spikes came in contact with Cloud's rosy butt cheeks. It was like sitting on nails.

Cloud wailed pitifully. Oh, it hurt so good! The pain aroused him, and the more aroused he became, the more his ass cheeks inflated, and the more they inflated, the more the metal spikes dug in. And the more the spikes dug into his ass, the more pain Cloud was caused, and the more painfully aroused he became. And so forth.

"Oh, Hercules, more! I need more!" Cloud gasped breathily.

"Don't be impatient," grunted Hercules. He drew back and slapped Cloud's ass so hard the sound echoed through the empty arena. The fresh pin-pricks on the otherwise smooth, creamy globes oozed blood. Hercules bent down and lapped at it.

Cloud blushed and bit his lip. He was painfully hard and he needed to be fucked, but if he protested Hercules might not give him the ass-pounding he wanted so badly.

Hercules' tongue on his new-made wounds was too much; he whimpered but said nothing.

Hercules, his tongue now thoroughly coated in blood, parted Cloud's butt and began to lick his inner walls. The taste of blood mingled with Cloud's sweet essence; Hercules reached down with one hand and began to stroke himself.

Cloud was shaken out of his ecstatic reverie by a very undignified, ungod-like screech. The blond looked down between his legs to note, with morbid fascination, that his burly-thighed lover had caught his own hand on the spiked cock ring.

"Oowie!" sobbed Hercules. "It hurts, it hurts!"

Cloud was overcome by a wave of fury. "Snap out of it and fuck me, dammit!" he shouted.

"But but" Hercules blubbered.

Cloud couldn't take it anymore. His horniness giving him inhuman strength, he flipped Hercules over and began pistoning his stiff meaty tool between the demi-god's round hemispheres.

Such had been the plan, anyway, and would have been successfully followed through had it not been for the golden beam of light that burst forth from Hercules' mighty anus. It knocked Cloud back several feet. Cloud skid across the arena floor and came to rest with his head propped against the wall, limbs spreadeagle.

The experience was so new and unexpected that Cloud didn't have time to react. However, his body did, spraying jet after jet of gummy love-juice into the air, like an indecisive fountain.

The force of the orgasm was so strong that Cloud passed out. When he came to, Hercules was sitting on his face. Hercules noted the shifting of Cloud's features beneath his ass and smiled.

"Ah, finally awake, are we?" Hercules said with a satisfied grin. "Well, since you're already come, you seem much more relaxed. So, now you can pleasure me."

"Mmrph," Cloud mumbled around a mouthful of ass meats.

"I thought you'd agree," said Hercules, and wiggled his ass.

Obediently, Cloud began to lick Hercules' firm, shapely flesh. Then he slid his tongue inside the crack.

"Oh, Hercules, I can taste your sweet essence!" he tried to say, but it came out, "Murph mm mrrshmm."

Hercules beamed at his young lover's efforts. As Cloud continued to lap at his muscular globes, Hercules reached down to cup the diminutive blond's testicles in a deceptively gentle hand.

"Now, Cloud, you know I can't leave that little stunt you tried to pull earlier unpunished, now can I?"

Cloud squeezed his eyes shut. He was so painfully aroused, small tears formed at the corners of his eyes and he could hardly breathe. /Oh, yes, punish me Hercules, do as you will,/ he thought as the demi-god continued to roll his testicles in the palm of his hand. /I'm yours./

Hercules' hand stilled, and abruptly ripped Cloud's balls clean off.

Cloud jerked in shock. He tried to scream, but the moist ass surrounded his face, his mouth, suffocating him. He tried anyway, and little bubbles of ass juice formed and popped in the damp enclosure.

The sensation, which to Hercules, felt like tiny fart explosions between his slabs of ass, was enough to push him over the edge. He came so hard that the pearly liquid shot half the length of the arena, glistening in the air for a brief moment before falling to the ground.

When he was done, he got up off his slight lover's face, grinning smarmily. "Teach you to try to top me, eh?" He struck a pose.

Cloud lay beneath him, crotch bleeding profusely and features contorted. "Ooooh" he groaned. His hair was wet with juices. "That was so hot"

"You wanna go another round?" asked Hercules. At once his flaccid schlong sprang to attention.

"As many times as you want. I'm a god, baby."

"Ohhh, yeah," Cloud groaned, eyes wide and glazed over with lust, and some denial over the fact that his leather-clad lover was currently juggling his disembodied testicles. Hercules caught the look in Cloud's eyes and smiled wickedly.

Hercules smiled. "Open your mouth."

"Why?" asked Cloud, a little confused. Hercules slapped him.

"Just do it, bitch!"

Cloud loved being told who was boss. He opened his mouth. Hercules promptly shoved a testicle into it.

Cloud gagged and nearly choked.

Hercules narrowed his eyes as Cloud convulsed. "I swear to Zeus," he said menacingly, "you'd better swallow if you know what's good for you!"

The heady scent of blood, rich with the musk of his own balls, tingled in Cloud's nostrils enticingly. The blond prepared to comply, but the wet fuzz of the testicle in his mouth grazed his uvula, and Cloud coughed up the fleshy sac, along with his lunch. The bloody little testicle rolled across the arena floor, picking up a fine layer of sand along the way, before settling by Hercules' powerful feet.

Hercules picked it up with a displeased look and seemed like he would have said something, but at that moment the door of the arena banged open.

".... half an hour before the next match starts, do you want to set up? You can leave and come back"

Phil's words trailed off as he surveyed the scene before him. Sephiroth, who had come in with him, halted and observed with cool surprise.

"I ah" Beads of sweat had broken out on Phil's forehead.
"IhavesomestuffIgottatakecareof
...."

And he dashed out.

Sephiroth, who hadn't moved, now cleared his throat lightly.

Hercules stared back evenly. He cleared his throat as well, and scratched his butt for good measure.

Sephiroth tapped his finger on his hip. Hercules shifted his weight from foot to foot.

Cloud, once his eyes had focused enough for him to see who it was, gave a loud exclamation.

"Sephiroth! This isn't what it looks like, I swear"

Sephiroth growled a little. Both Cloud and Hercules noticed that the white-haired fighter's fingers were curled 'round the hilt of Masamune.

Hercules' handsome face broke into a sly grin, not missing the visual innuendo. "So, you want to have a 'sword' fight, eh? Yeah, cross 'swords'? Eh he he. Gonna pull it out and hit me with it? Huh? You want it? YOU WANT SOME OF THIS, COCKMASTER??" Hercules screeched, his godhood bobbing proudly against his stomach.

Sephiroth raised an eyebrow at the spiky apparatus still affixed to the mastadonic godhood. He cleared his throat again.

"Sephiroth? Sephy?" Cloud ventured tentatively.

"Shut up, Cloud," Sephiroth replied in an even, controlled voice. "I'm very, very angry."

"Oh yeah?" said Hercules. "Well, I'm horny! How 'bout that, huh?"

It happened in the space of a second. Sephiroth had unsheathed his sword and relieved Hercules of his collective. Apparently godhood didn't guarantee one's reproductive organs from falling off.

The black-clad general shook the blood from his dai katana with a quick flick of the wrist, and smoothly replaced Masamune in its scabbard. Three pairs of eyes surveyed the fallen collective, which now lay scattered haphazardly across the arena sands. Its previous owner, though, seemed oddly indifferent to the scene. Sephiroth arched an elegant eyebrow curiously.

"Ain't no thing," said Hercules with a mysterious smile. A thin, membranous layer spread across the severed end of the bloody stump that was once the demi-god's penis. The membrane stretched, pulled, jerked, then violently split open. Where once there had been a single penis, now stood three.

Sephiroth blinked once. Twice.

"Holy shit."

Cloud made a strange sound that seemed to be a squeak of mingled surprise, disgust, and lust.

In the background, the door had opened and there were people filling into the arena.

"I'm afraid I won't be needing you today," Sephiroth told the first person through the door, a bespectacled man with an unremarkable haircut. [1] The man scowled.

"We're still charging you," he told Sephiroth.

Sephiroth sighed. "All right, all right. I'll book the next time, which I'm afraid won't be for a while."

The people slowly filed out again. Sephiroth saw the looks on Cloud and Hercules' faces.

"Private orchestra," he said by way of explanation.

Hercules' three penises waved a bit as if stirred by an unseen wind.

Sephiroth stared.

Hercules stared back.

Very slowly, Sephiroth reached into his jacket. His gloved hand emerged holding something shiny and green.

Cloud phased in and out of consciousness.

Still very slowly, Sephiroth drew back to a throwing position. Hercules watched, his penises waved.

It seemed that Sephiroth suddenly became a blur of speed. Hercules barely registered that the white-haired fighter had moved when he felt something hit his chest, hard, hard enough to knock him over. When he picked himself up, he briefly caught a glimpse of a mobilized Sephiroth with Cloud tucked under his armpit; in the next second they had disappeared from the arena.

Hercules stared at the spot Sephiroth had occupied just moments before, dumbfounded. Then he frowned.

"Hey, that's my loving for the week!" [2]

Flexing his mighty muscles above his head, Hercules roared a mighty roar, and his three mighty penises screamed like banshees. The ground shook beneath him as his sandaled feet thundered against the arena floor. He burst through the door of the coliseum, sending splintered wood scattering in every direction. Hercules' god-like speed soon put him within range of the retreating white haired fighter.

Sephiroth sensed the golden aura of the demi-god behind him. Not loosening his grip on the nude blond boy under his arm, Sephiroth wrenched Masamune from its sheath and swiped at Hercules in a flash of arced metal. Three twitching penises tumbled onto the rooftops in the fighters' wake. Nine columns of man meat quickly sprouted out between Hercules' powerful thighs, the Grecian hero not faltering a step in his pursuit. Sephiroth lashed out again and again until Hercules' manhood was a veritable penis Kooshball.

/Hm,/ Sephiroth mused, /I should probably stop that./

Sephiroth was so occupied with the freak of nature behind him that he failed to register that which was ahead of him.

"Ah, you were right," Sora was exclaiming happily. "The view really is better from here! You can see the Coliseum--"

And that was as far as he got before a white-haired SOLDIER clutching a blond-haired SOLDIER under his armpit plowed into him. The three went down in a tangle of limbs and white hair.

Yuffie and Leon were very surprised, to say the least.

Cloud was still bleeding.

>From within the tangle of limbs and hair, Sora began to cry.

"He smells like peenie," he sniffled.

Hercules landed heavily on the roof, cracks reaching out in spider-thin lines from the point of impact. His eyes held a manic gleam and his penises writhed threateningly.

Yuffie gasped and pointed. "Hercules, how did you hide all that?"

"Silence, lowly mortal!" Hercules' voice echoed with godly rage, eyes aflame. Dark clouds circled overhead as his penises screamed furiously. The short haired ninja wisely kept quiet.

Hercules pointed dramatically at Sephiroth, his voice causing the buildings around them to tremble and quake. "Thou hast incited my almighty rage! This grave mistake will not go unchecked. ALL are punished!!"

Hercules' writhing mass of cocks increased in length with alarming speed, the slits in the penises opening to reveal rows of sharp, shark-like teeth, before shooting forth to devour all in their path.

Sephiroth recovered his wits enough to teleport out of the way of the fast-approaching penises, taking both Cloud and Sora with him. Hercules' penises, as though possessing a collective mind, turned and shot towards the new direction that the three tangled people had newly appeared in. Sephiroth had no choice but to teleport again, and again the penises followed.

Soon Sephiroth, Cloud, and the traumatized Sora were blinking out of existence almost as fast as they were blinking in. The air was thick with penises.

Sephiroth, however, was hardly teleporting aimlessly. In five minutes, he had all of Hercules' penises in one big, tied up knot.

Yuffie, hugging a wall to stay away from the penises, said, "How's that for irony, Herc?"

Hercules stared blankly. "I-ro-ny?"

Hercules was far from beaten, though. The multitude of snapping penis heads stopped their desperate writhing and, turning upwards to the sky, let out a piercing shriek, the likes of which would rival the harpies. All below who were still alive and conscious fell to the ground, hands over their ears and faces contorted in agony.

Sephiroth, who had since remained standing with the two spiky haired boys under his armpits, now gritted his teeth, refusing to relinquish his hold on them even as his ears bled.

Hercules said something. No one could actually hear it, of course, but the smarmy smile said more than enough. Sephiroth tried to get up but he was too disoriented; a splitting pain in his head had been left in the wake of the attack.

"Cure," he muttered, though the sound didn't reach his ears. Nothing happened.

A wave of panic overtook him. His gaze flickered to the materia slots on his armor.

He slowly remembered. He'd taken the Cure materia out, temporarily, to make room for something else, and then...he'd thrown it, thinking it was worthless...

He dropped both Cloud and Sora. Cloud he dismissed, the blond was naked. He started rummaging through the dazed brunette's clothing. His fingers found a small cloth pouch in one of the secret pockets on the red jumper, and as he pulled it out he wished fervently that it was what he thought it was.

It was. Little vials gleamed back at him, labeled in a messy hand. He pulled the cork with his teeth and felt his body heal with the discomfort of the fast-forward re-knitting of a potion.

Sephiroth came to realize that he could hear again very fast.

"WAAHH, HE'S MOLESTING ME!" Sora was howling, deafness making his voice abnormally loud.

Sephiroth paused, sighed, and tipped one of the vials into Sora's open mouth. The boy stopped wailing, but glared balefully at the white-haired man.

He forced Cloud to have one too. As an afterthought, he opened another potion and poured it over the blond's crotch.

Cloud's eyes fluttered open slowly as the sensation of the potion working its magic washed over him. He watched, mystified, as his nether regions unfurled like petals of a flower, and a set of beautiful new testicles bloomed between his thighs.

"Oh," he cried, sapphire eyes shining with happiness, "they're so beautiful!"

"Shut up," muttered Sephiroth. "Can you fight?"

"Well..." Cloud said, delicate brow furrowing, "I don't want to fight him! Or you..." For Sephiroth now had murder in his eyes. "Please understand, Sephykins..."

"Cloud," said Sephiroth in an even, controlled voice, "that freak of nature," and here he pointed at Hercules, who was watching the happenings with a sort of bemused, vacant interest, "is going to kill us all if nobody does something about it. It's not about your lying, cheating ways, it's--"

"Hey!" shouted Cloud, "you're just jealous!"

"I am not!" bellowed Sephiroth. "You listen to me--"

"He's starting to attack again!" shouted Leon in warning to the bickering SOLDIERS, gathering up Yuffie and Sora and running to relative safety. Cloud and Sephiroth looked up just in time to see the knotted penises release a gigantimous load. The jets of fluid, powerful as fire hoses, crashed into Sephiroth's chest and shot him backwards, away from the blond.

Sephiroth rolled in midair to the side of the powerfully pressurized stream, just in time before he could be thrown into the side of a temple wall.

/How could he possibly have ejaculated?/ Sephiroth thought frantically, even as he coolly wiped the liquid with his hands with distaste. /That freak was flaccid enough to tie in knots, so--/ It took the white haired warrior two seconds before realizing it was urine.

His eye twitched.

Kill him. He was going to kill him. He was going to split his head like a melon.

"Eww!" Cloud yelled. "Hercules, I...I thought you loved me!"

Hercules paused and looked a little awkward. "Well, I do, baby, you know I do..."

"Then why'd you do that?" sobbed Cloud. "I'm all stinky now...but that's nothing compared to the pain in my heart!"

Hercules scratched his head. "But just the other night you told me you wanted me to pee on you."

"AND YOU DID!" screamed Cloud. "...oh."

Hercules blinked. "How can I make you happy, baby?"

The disgusting sheen of adoration was gleaming dully in Cloud's vibrant blue eyes. Sephiroth knew that he was on his own. Sighing in resignation, Sephiroth shook out the last few drops of rank liquid staining his otherwise pristine hair.

"Well, well," came a wryly amused drawl above him, "Look who's come crawling back from the gutter."

Sephiroth's eyebrows twitched minutely and he tilted his gaze upward. Standing over him, presence somehow gone undetected by Sephiroth, was the immense black, three-headed behemoth Cerberus. Strapped securely to the canine's underside, between his legs, hung the god of the Underworld, Hades.

Sephiroth stared up quizzically. "I did not come 'crawling back'; I didn't even come back. You walked up behind me." He blinked, nothing the unbecoming manner in which the god's robes were hitched up above his hips. "And what are you doing?"

"Oh, this?" said Hades, eyebrows quirked enigmatically. "Just goes to show I can still do my job as god of the Underworld, even with a giant three-headed dog doing me up the ass." And the blue-skinned, thin faced deity crossed his arms with finality, looking smug.

"Yes, yes," said Sephiroth testily, "that's all very well and good, but I'm in the middle of something. Pray tell, how is this relevant to your job as god of the Underworld?"

A look of utmost seriousness crossed the normally humorous god's face.

"That's not important right now," said Hades, his voice dropping an octave. "As you can see, this world is in the utmost peril. Look there," he said, gesturing to Hercules some distance away, who had at some point begun frothing at the mouth for unknown reasons. "It has already begun."

Sephiroth stared. "What has?" Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed that Cloud and Hercules had started to make out. His vision went red.

Cloud moaned lustily around the frothy spittle Hercules was dribbling into his mouth. Hercules looked as if he were enjoying himself, a feat, considering his many penises were still tied in a giant knot.

Hades raised an eyebrow. "Yes...as you can see, the necessary events are coming together seamlessly." He turned back to Sephiroth. "Do you understand?"

Sephiroth blinked. "You haven't explained anything."

Hades nodded with a flat smile. "I will, then. You see--" But he was interrupted as the giant three-headed dog he was strapped to seemed to sniff something in the air, then bounded away enthusiastically--taking him with it.

Sephiroth blinked, shrugged, then drew Masamune. He was tired of it all; he'd run them both through, Hercules and the wayward Cloud, and go home. It wouldn't be impossible to find another pretty blond boy with big blue eyes. Certainly not. Yuffie poked Leon experimentally with her foot, squealing with delight when he twitched. Cerberus had stepped on him as he bounded off.

"Person, lady, kid," said Sephiroth, his voice steely, "I'm about to kill that freak and my lover. I've only known you for a short period of time, but...I'm glad I was able to meet you."

He paused.

"Wait, what the fuck?"

The swordsman had missed it, distracted as he was by Cloud and Hercules sucking face, but one of the nearby penises, though still held by the knot, had stretched out and bitten Sephiroth in the ankle. What's more, it seemed its magical semen-slicked bite was inductive of insanity. Hercules looked up past Cloud's spiky head to sneer at Sephiroth triumphantly.

"Ha! Now not only do I have your woman--"

"Man," Cloud interjected.

"--but soon, you too will become one of my mighty penises!!"

"...what?" said Sephiroth, exasperated.

"Yes!" Hercules crowed. "For you see, each of these penises holds the soul of many a brave warrior whom I defeated and absorbed into my meaty, glorious loins!!"

"Goddammit!" Sephiroth swore. "I've had about enough of this. You!"

Yuffie looked around and mouthed, "Me?"

"Yes, you," said Sephiroth. "Get me a torch."

"A torch?" asked Yuffie, extremely disbelieving. "Where am I going to get one of those?"

"And an antidote, or a remedy, or something," added Sephiroth.

"They don't make them here, Sephy," said Yuffie apologetically. "And you're a hundred years too late for there to just be torches on hand whenever you want them."

"Then how do they cure status ailments around here?" Sephiroth demanded.

Yuffie shrugged. "They don't exist here."

Sephiroth sorely regretted being sane right at that moment. Deciding to remedy that, he slammed his head into a nearby wall. Three times. Hard.

Cloud unglued himself and cried, "Sephiroth! No! Not your beautiful hair...!"

Sephiroth stumbled about, feet tripping on themselves. "Father, can you hear me~" he sang quietly, gathering up Masumine with fluidly moving arms and staggering towards Cloud with a decidedly odd look on his face.

Sephiroth threw his arms about Cloud and solidly head-butted the blond in the face.

"Ow." Cloud said before falling over. Sephiroth grinned madly and made to do the same with Hercules when he noticed, to his concussed amusement, that his arms had melded into his sides and were slowly beginning to disappear. He giggled and head-butted Hercules anyway.

"Leon!" said Yuffie. "Where are you going? Why are you crawling?"

"Ribs...broken..." muttered Leon on the floor. Yuffie prodded him with her foot.

"Uh...maybe you shouldn't be moving, then..."

"No...I have to..."

Yuffie squatted next to Leon and put her ear close to his head. "You gotta talk louder, I can't hear you."

"I have...to...get to him..."

Yuffie blinked. "Who?"

Leon had covered a foot by now. "Him..."

"Uh...Hercules?"

"No...him..."

"...Cloud?"

"No..."

"Sora?"

Sora, nearby, groaned a little. He was ignored.

"No..."

"Uh...um...who then? Oh, Sephiroth?" At Leon's pained nod, she blinked. "But why?"

Two feet. "I...have to...get...to him...true...love..."

"But didn't you meet him half an hour ago?"

"That doesn't matter...it's...love...true..." and here Leon broke off and coughed up a lot of blood.

Yuffie watched him, bemused, then shrugged. "Okay, if you must have him...or whatever. Hold on a sec." She got up, walked to the quickly penisfying Sephiroth, and picked him up. Hercules was too busy with Cloud to notice. She returned to Leon and held Sephiroth out to him.

"Hey...Leon! Wake up! Here's your 'true love'".

Leon looked up weakly. "Bring him closer."

Yuffie made a face, but did as she was told. When the penis-Sephiroth was close enough, Leon gave it the most passionate kiss of his life.

Sephiroth, whose face, though rapidly shrinking, was still visible, seemed to respond readily. There was a flash of light, and there he stood, in all his black-leather-clad glory. His green eyes, once again sane and cool, scanned the scene. "Ahem."

Yuffie squeaked and removed her hands from his crotch.

Leon smiled weakly, gazing lovingly at Sephiroth's magnificent body, though his view was mostly of the SOLDIER's crotch.

"Now, dearest Sephiroth," he wheezed, his voice hoarse, "you must go. Go to him. Take him away." He closed his eyes, sable eyelashes brushing pale, dirt-smudged cheeks. "Though I love you with all my heart, believe me, I only want you to be happy. That you are happy will be enough for me. I...I wish I could tell you to your face, but...I can't even see your pretty face anymore...babe..."

"Leon, your eyes are closed," said Yuffie.

"Ah, so they are," said Leon, opening them again and getting an eyeful of leather-clad crotch.

"Oh, but though I die, I want you to be happy again, to love again, so I--OOF!"

Sephiroth kicked Leon in the groin and turned around to face Cloud.

"You, Cloud," said Sephiroth, "have really bad taste. What does he have that I don't?"

"He's winning," chirped Sora, drawing attention to himself. The little brunette was sitting on the sidelines, nursing a skinned knee from Cerberus' exit. "And he got your woman."

"Man," said Cloud. Sora stuck out his tongue.

"I think Leon's passed out," said Yuffie. "I'm going to take him home, 'kay?"

"No!" roared Hercules. "No one's going anywhere!" His godhoods flared to life with a blinding gold glow.

"But Hercules," whined Cloud, "I wanna have some...you know...'us' time..."

"And we will, baby, we will, I promise," said Hercules in his best sincere voice.

Sephiroth's eyes narrowed dangerously. "You have two seconds," he said, voice venomous, "before I tell my mother on you."

Everyone but Sephiroth snickered. Hercules was guffawing and spraying spittle.

"Your /MOTHER/! What kind of a manly man are you? Certainly you cannot rival my manliness! I have more power in this one penis," and Hercules pointed to one, "than your whole body combined!"

"Nuh uh," said Sephiroth, only a little appalled at what his growing exasperation seemed to be doing to his maturity. "And what's more, I'll bet my mother could kick your mother's ass."

"Could not!" yelled Hercules. "/My/ mom's Hera, queen of the gods!"

"Well, my mom's responsible for wiping out an advanced race and almost blowing up a planet!"

"Well, you have stupid girly hair!"

"You have a swirly chin!! What kind of a freak has a swirly chin? And I've had Cloud in more ways than you ever will!" Sephiroth's voice was reaching a point that could have passed off as hysterical.

Cloud stepped away from Hercules' side and began to chuckle darkly. Hercules looked on with concern.

"Baby? What's wrong?"

"I have you all where I want you," said Cloud in a voice that was not his own. This one was deeper, more gravelly--and it sounded like..!

"Ansem!" gasped Sora. "But how, you're dead!"

"My spirit had been banished from its stolen body...true. But through sheer willpower I survived...I gradually traveled here, where I learned of the great catastrophe that was fated to happen. So I bided my time and waited in the body of this," his lip curled with scorn, "/pretty/ boy, and slowly worked things in my favor. Soon...my purpose may be realized..."

"Not so fast," came a level voice above everyone's heads. It was Hades, sans giant three-headed dog. Blue head-flame flowing with the breeze, Hades regarded the party below him with a critical eye. "Hmm. Seems you've sustained some injuries while I was away. Not too good."

Sephiroth stared up at the deity, trying to ignore that he could see straight up his robes. "What's this all about?" he demanded, his voice back to its steely baritone.

"I was going to enlist your help, though now Bozo," and Hades glanced at Hercules in distaste, "knows the identity of his lover boy, (and seeing how well you've fared so far) I suppose he'll have to do."

With a wave of a knobby hand and a swirl of smoke, the throng of penises were unknotted.

"Now then," said Hades, "as I was trying to explain earlier, the only way to avoid this catastrophe and keep this world intact is--"

Then one of Hercules' penises reared its giant, mushroomed head and ate the God of the Underworld with one quick snap of its shark-like teeth.

Cloud/Ansem began to laugh with malicious glee, his naked body swaying with mirth. "Soon I shall plunge this world and countless others into darkness! Muhahahahaha! I endured a prolonged affair with this idiot for many months, and now my efforts will finally reap reward! Muahahahahahaha!"

"It...it wasn't the great sex? Baby?" Hercules asked, very uncertainly.

He was fixed by an unusually cold blue stare. "No, you fool. I only did it so that he," he pointed at Sephiroth, "would challenge you out of jealousy and transform you thus. "And now I shall make use of your body and all its power!!"

Having finished his speech, Cloud's body collapsed, unconscious.

"Yes...yes!" Ansem's voice emanated from Hercules' body, "I can feel immortality coursing through my veins! My plan has succeeded...and now I shall kill all of you!"

Sora jumped up, determination flashing in his wide, flame-blue eyes. "No, Ansem, you won't! My friends and I defeated you once, and we will again!"

Ansem/Hercules seethed. "And I haven't forgotten that day. For months all I could think of was you. Killing you. Your dying gasps music to my ears...oh yes...little boy, you will be the first to suffer!"

Making a sweeping motion with his arms, one of the large penises, which had been lying dormant for the last few minutes, darted forward with the deadliness of a cobra. Before the little brunette could blink, he was seized in its jaws, sharp teeth biting deeply enough to break skin but not bone. Yuffie lunged for Sora, but failed to grab him in time before the boy

was dragged back toward Ansem. She fell headlong into a conveniently placed piece of pillar debris and was knocked unconscious.

Sephiroth nudged Cloud with his foot. "Hey. You. Wake up."

Cloud's naked, unconscious body did not stir. Sephiroth sighed a little and let him be; instead, Mako-green eyes took stock of the situation.

Yuffie lay unconscious, Leon unmoving not far from her. Hercules was being possessed by darkness and Sora was currently being held immobile by one of Hercules' penises.

On the bright side, he, Sephiroth, was in top shape, having recently been rescued by true love.

"Aaa~ah, no, don't touch me!" Sora yelled, tears in his big blue eyes. "Not like that...it's dirty! No! Please, stop!"

The boy looked on in horror as his limbs began folding in on themselves. "I don't want to be a peenie!" he cried.

Ansem began to cackle. "Yes...revenge is so sweet..."

Suddenly, a blinding flash of light exploded from the prehensile penis holding Sora captive, and it was blown into small, tissue-y chunks. Sora's limbs unfolded and regrew until they were back to normal. The boy scrambled to his feet, panting, and darted back to hide behind Sephiroth.

Ansem's eye twitched. "What??" he roared, furious. Taking a breath, the man in the demi-god's body settled into a scowl. "I should have figured something like this would happen. You're too innocent, too," he sneered, "-pure- to be harmed by the deadly power of a writing mass of giant penises."

Sora clutched the back of Sephiroth's coat more tightly. Sephiroth stared at Ansem with a level gaze through penis-smeared bangs.

Ansem growled at them both, but he seemed to master himself after a brief moment. "Well...frustrating, but it doesn't matter. You will end up dead regardless! Behold!" Ansem extended Hercules' meaty hand and grasped three penises at once. He paused, then took three more in his other hand. "Um...just a minute..."

"What's he doing?" whispered Sora, who had hidden his face in Sephiroth's back. "It looks gross."

"He's trying to masturbate," said Sephiroth matter-of-factly.

"What's that?"

"Never mind," said Sephiroth. "Do you have your weapon?"

A nod against his coat. "Uhn!"

"Okay. While he's busy, we're going to attack. All right?" Sephiroth felt a little strange; it was like he was talking to a baby. It required more kindness than he thought he possessed. Pushing the thought aside for the moment, he took his dai katana in hand.

"On my call," he said, watching as Ansem fumbled with five penises smushed between those he held in his hands. Sora stood at the white-haired man's side, keyblade at the ready. "Wait for it..." he said lowly.

Ansem/Hercules grinned fiercely and began to vigorously rub the shafts together.

"Now!" hissed Sephiroth, and the pair charged toward the masturbating Greek with surprising speed. Possessed blue eyes glanced up at the two, gleaming with amusement.

"Ha! You don't have a chance!" Ansem turned the fully-erect mass of whale-sized dicks towards the charging warriors like fire hoses. "Begone!"

He threw back his head and bellowed at the pulsating blood surging through the host body, intending to shoot off his god-like load. As tremors wracked his body, he smiled to himself.

/With an ejaculation of this magnitude, this world is done for! The rivers of spunk choked with the dead, and that -brat- destroyed by the power of the blast..oh yes, then my reign of terror truly begins!/
/

Ansem's rich, deep laugh resonated in the air at his imminent victory. But...

"What??" he braked again, looking down in disbelief at the collective. In a second he realized the fatal flaw in his plan--/his testicles had not regenerated and thus the demi-god could produce no spunk/!

But it was a second too late. Orgasm after orgasm flowed over him, making him momentarily paralyzed by the overwhelming sensation in his nether-regions.

Sephiroth and Sora struck, each blow hitting home--three penises lay severed on the ground, then five, seven, nine. The ground was soon covered in dead, still-twitching penises, hardly any clear space remaining. Soon Hercules' body was relieved of its last manhood; the two fighters retreated a distance. Sephiroth sheathed Masamune gracefully. Sora let the Keyblade fade to nothingness till he would call it next. Both watched as the demi-god's body fell to its knees. Ansem's expression was one of smug victory, not defeat; he laughed, a deep, rumbling sound that caressed silkily.

"Have you forgotten, fools?" said Ansem, mirth coloring his tone. "That is no use! Whatever you sever, I will regenerate!" He paused, waiting expectantly.

Nothing happened.

Blood still flowed from the place where the mass of penises had been--Sora stared in open amazement. One corner of Sephiroth's mouth had turned upward in a smirk.

"Wha...how can this be happening?" Ansem said with disbelief. "Has my power failed me? It

cannot be, the stars promised..."

"You can only generate as many...of those as souls absorbed into his groin," said Sephiroth evenly. "I figured he couldn't have absorbed an indefinite amount of souls. Therefore, the regenerations could only continue for a definite number of severings."

"So no more weenkies for you!" piped up Sora, who seemed to have developed something of a spine.

Ansem snarled, casting his gaze about the tangle of useless, detached penises. /This body is useless to me now. What's more, it's been damaged. I'll have to trade bodies again./

His eyes fell on Sephiroth.

/Well, he is powerful, and reasonably unspoiled. He'll do./

Sephiroth's eyes narrowed as he stared over at the possessed demi-god making faces at himself. His scrutiny would be his undoing. In the blink of an eye, the wavering, spectral form of a dusky-skinned, crimson-eyed man with long white hair not unlike his own appeared in front of his face. A kiss of chilled air and then...darkness.

Mako-green eyes reopened, and an uncharacteristic wide smile spread across Sephiroth's visage. Lifting his hands some distance away from his face, he regarded them with admiration.

"Not a bad host body at all, really. Now then," Ansem whirled about, Sephiroth's customary black coat swirling about his ankles, and slung the still-unconscious Cloud over his shoulder. He looked back at the group, who were getting back to their feet.

"I've taken over this man's body, and if you want to see Cloud alive again, meet me at the Temple of Zeus." With that, Ansem took off in a blur of black and white.

Yuffie raised an eyebrow. "We were already gathered. Why not just negotiate here?"

"He's a madman," said Leon tactfully, slowly and painfully making his way toward the recovering Hercules. Hercules rubbed the side of his head and winced.

"You're boytoy's been kidnapped," Leon told him steadily. "Let's go."

Hercules stared ahead, sightlessly. With an alarmingly subdued voice, he murmured, "I can't."

Leon frowned. "What?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm...I'm like you now." Hercules turned his gaze up towards Leon slowly. "I'm not a man anymore," he clarified, brokenly, gesturing toward the void between his thighs.

Leon gasped, properly seeing the demi-god's plight for the first time. "Oh, Hercules, I feel your sorrow as profoundly as if it were my own...hey, wait a minute." Leon seemed to

register the actual implications, because then he reached into the secret pocket in his underwear and withdrew his gunblade, which he then shot Hercules with. "Don't make me out to be the freak when it's you!"

Hercules, being immortal, felt the gunshot not. A sense of loss overwhelmed him and he broke down, crying. Never again would he experience the ecstasy of soaring up to touch the stars, never again would he know the moment of pure, suspended infinity. Never again...

"Pull yourself together, man!" yelled Yuffie.

"Yeah!" added Sora. His big blue eyes sparkled with tears. "If you love him at all, go save him!"

"But..." said Hercules, tears coursing down his face, "I can't, I'm not a man anymore..."

As if his words were a cue, a pair of boobs suddenly sprouted under his chest plate, pushing the armor forward a full six inches. His penis-less groin remolded into what was unmistakably a vagina.

"Ew!" yelled Sora, jumping back. "What /is/ that?"

"Hey, Sora, look over there!" said Yuffie with false cheer, pointing a spot in the horizon. Sora looked, of course, the soft brown spikes of his hair stirred by the movement.

"What is it? Where is it? I don't see it!"

"Just keep looking," said Yuffie. As Sora strained to see, she hissed at Hercules, who was still weeping over his--er, her--naked crotch, "Cover yourself up! Don't be indecent!"

Hercules hardly seemed to register the transformation, continuing to stare dejectedly at the ground between his legs. "What's the use? Nothing matters anymore..."

"I don't get it. What's Mr. Hercules talking about? What am I looking at?" called Sora, who was still looking off somewhere in the opposite direction.

The brawny woman Hercules had become slowly reached down under her skirt and, searching among the pleats, withdrew a small, corked vial of purple liquid with ominous-looking bubbles. Hercules giggled humorlessly as she turned the vial over in her hands. Neither Yuffie, Leon, or Sora (who was still looking off in the distance and asking what Hercules was laughing about) knew what the small vial contained, though the suicidal look in the demi-god's eyes gave sufficient indication.

"No, wait!" shouted Leon, lunging forward as Hercules tipped her head back and made to pour

the liquid down her throat. The scarred brunette knocked the vial out of the way, falling on top of Hercules. And, as these things happen, Leon was sucked into the Greek's gaping vagina and disappeared.

So it goes.

Yuffie gasped. "You've only been a woman for five minutes and you're already a loose slut!" She paused. "How does it feel?"

Hercules seemed to consider this, her manly brow furrowing with thought. Her meaty hand touched her swollen belly. A glow seemed to have come over her countenance, and her smile, when it came, was beautiful. "I can feel him--he's moving!" Hercules' stomach rippled violently, as if someone had kicked it from the inside, hard. Hercules' expression of tranquil contentment was touched by one of excitement. "Oh, I'm going to be a mother!"

Nobody present knew quite how to react. Yuffie said, faintly, "I can hear him screaming..."

Sora, meanwhile, had walked back toward the group, having tired of Yuffie's game, which hadn't been that fun to begin with. "Hey, where's Leon? Wow, Mr. Hercules," exclaimed Sora, "you certainly look healthy!" The little spiky-haired brunette either didn't notice or was simply ignorant of Hercules' respective lack and presence of certain extremities.

"Oh," Hercules murmured, eyes vibrant with joy, "I've never been so happy!"

"That's great!" said Sora with a dazzling grin. "So what are--"

"Aaaa! Aaaaa!! Aaaaaagh! Aaa!!" Shrieked Leon from inside Hercules' freakishly strong uterus, in the universal language of terror and revulsion.

Sora tugged on Yuffie's sleeve. "Yuffie, why is Leon in Mr. Hercules' tummy?"

The ninja knelt by the keyblade wielder's side, gently holding his shoulders. "You see, Sora," she began, "it's every man's secret dream to give birth to a child..."

"Not mine," said Sora with easy flippancy.

"You're in denial."

"Eh?"

"So you see, when--"

"Aaaa! Aaaaa! Aaaaaagh!!" Leon continued to scream hysterically.

Hercules lovingly stroked her belly, humming off-key lullabies to herself. "It won't be long now...I'm sure it'll be a boy, from the strength of his kicks!"

Yuffie blinked. And blinked again. "Hercules, has sucking Leon up with your giant gaping vagina addled your wits, or have you always been this stupid?"

"I'm sorry, I don't catch your meaning," said Hercules, scratching at her thick column of a neck.

Yuffie sighed. "Just give birth to him fast, we still gotta save Cloud."

Hercules' eyes narrowed. "Why should we help him? He's an insensitive jerk, not even present for the birth of his baby!"

Sora said, "Leon is Hercules' and Cloud's baby?"

Yuffie knelt down next to the adorably confused keyblade-wielder. "Listen, Sora, this isn't stuff you should hear. I'm going to have a conversation with Hercules, and then we can all go save Cloud together, okay?"

Sora frowned. "Don't treat me like a kid."

"I know you're not," said Yuffie soothingly. "Go over there and be a good boy, and I'll give you candy later. Okay?"

"Yay, candy!" cheered Sora before scampering away.

"UNH!" grunted Hercules, loudly. Yuffie turned in time to witness the rebirth of Leon. It wasn't a pretty sight.

Hercules' god-like vagina clamped down on the emerging "baby" as he made his passage into the wide world, squeezing the poor Leon into a paste as he came out. A few minutes later, a boneless heap of Leon-mush lay under Hercules' open legs, seemingly dead. Hercules glowed with pride and happiness.

"I want...to hold him..."

"Urrgh..." groaned Leon.

Hercules cooed as she scooped up Leon in her thick, meaty arms, gently smoothing a large handful of viscous birth goo from the damp hair.

"Oh, there there there, baby," he murmured, kissing the tip of Leon's nose. A string of birth goo hung onto the end of Leon's nose and Hercules' lips when she pulled back.

Leon opened his eyes, swore, and wiped the goo away from his eyes as best as he could. "That was the absolute worst experience of my life. Get off me." He pushed Hercules away and stood on shaky legs, attempting to brush away the goo from his hair and clothes. It was futile; it had begun to dry and was raising quite a smell.

"This is boring," Sora announced. "Let's go do something."

"My true love...he's waiting," Leon muttered. "I must go see him. He's calling me...I feel it through our lovebond."

"My baby is growing up so fast," said Hercules, sniffing. "Rushing off to save his true love...what kind of a mother would I be if I didn't come and help?"

Leon wanted to hit her.

Unsheathing his gunblade from its sticky confines, the goo-covered ex-SeeD gestured dramatically, pointing toward the hill the Temple of Zeus sat upon. The sun was setting behind it, casting the marble structure into a blood-red light.

"To the Temple of Zeus!" he shouted with as much dignity as his smelly self could muster.

The group trundled along in the direction he was pointing, giving the scarred brunette a wide berth.

It had grown dark by the time they reached it. The temple was oddly quiet, all the torches unlit, and silence pervaded the large interior. The four rescuers could make no sense of this, but as the night progressed their search yielded nothing.

They had regrouped, everyone standing at least three feet from Leon, when they heard it. It was the sound of rustling bushes and a familiar squeaky dog-toy moan.

"Shh...it's coming from over there," whispered Leon. The four crept over to the source of the sound, and when they reached the one which was emitting the squeaking, they looked over it to see...

...Sephiroth and Cloud going at it very enthusiastically.

Yuffie put her hand over Sora's eyes and dragged him away. Leon stared. "Aren't we supposed to fight for him?"

Sephiroth tossed his long silver hair in a shining arc, presumably to remove it from his face.

"Ansem...left..." he said, without pausing in his thrusts. "Soul bonding...through...the ass..."

Leon looked as if he were about to cry.

"So, where is Ansem now?" asked Yuffie, having deposited Sora outside with a large bag of candy.

"No idea..." said Sephiroth with perfect composure.

Out of the corner of her eye, Yuffie noticed a...glowing mist hanging in the corner of the room.

She realized it was moving, probably, intent on possessing someone without the immunity of an anal soulbond!

"Hercules!" she cried. Hercules blinked at her. "Open your legs! Everyone else, hold on to something!"

Leon understood immediately and took hold of a nearby pillar. Yuffie did the same and watched as Sephiroth, still pummeling Cloud's ass, removed one hand from its place on Cloud's hip and gripped a heavy stone statue.

Hercules did as told. The void of her vagina was as a giant vacuum; everyone held on for dear life. Ansem's spirit, having no hands to hold on to anything, disappeared into the cavernous depths in the blink of an eye. Along with the non-corporeal Ansem went several goats, the unlit torches from the temple, and a feeble old man on crutches.

"Now close them!" Yuffie screamed over the deafening roar of rushing wind. Hercules nodded and, with a grunt of supreme effort, pressed her swirly knees together. The abrupt blocking off of the enormous vacuum threw the marble temple into eerie calm, debris which had only moments before been tumbling through the air now floated harmlessly to the floor.

Everyone got up, except for Sephiroth and Cloud, who were still busy. "Whew," said Yuffie, "I'm glad that's over with. Let's all go home."

Hercules, still sitting on the floor with her burly thighs pressed together, looked up at Yuffie.

"Um, what's going to happen to me?"

Yuffie thought about it. "Um...we'll get you some underwear. Then you can do whatever you want. Just don't use your awesome powers for evil."

"Oh, well, I meant, um..." Hercules hesitated. "Am I ever going to get laid again?" The demi-god made a weak attempt at wagging her protruding eyeridges, but the gesture was a shadow of its former smarmy glory.

Yuffie looked at her for a long moment with pity. "Hercules, as it stands, you'll suck whoever's willing to lay you into your cavernous vagina. I'm sorry, that's just the way it is."

Hercules digested this, a look of painfully acute concentration on her face. Yuffie could almost hear the rusty cogs struggling in the thick skull.

"I...see..." Hercules said at least in a slow, measured voice, "then there's nothing left for me."

Before anyone could move to stop her, Hercules threw her legs open and made to plunk her head into her own gaping flower, fully intent on pulling herself into oblivion....

The frightening vacuum that normally accompanied such a movement never came. All present gasped in amazement to behold between the muscular, tanned thighs a godhood of immaculate beauty; it was a penis, shining and golden.

Leon balked. "Wha...wha..."

"Hercules has become a true hero," Hera's serene voice floated down to them. "He knew the great evil of Ansem could not be contained so long as there existed a possible escape route, and so he was willing to sacrifice his very life to the Void to keep such evil at bay."

Hercules, still admiring his shiny godhood with wide eyes, mumbled absently, "Yeah. Yeah, that's...what I did..."

"Hey, guys, why is Hercules' peepee golden?" Sora had wandered back in, at the beginning of a sugar high. "Did he spray-paint it?"

Yuffie stepped in the way and beamed at the boy, a little too widely. "Never you mind...let's go get some ice cream. C'mon, Leon."

Leon turned and strode over, chain jangling and dried clothes crunching. "Hn. Okay."

The three took each other's hands and walked out into the sunlight of the new morning.

A tense silence fell between the three remaining warriors. Sephiroth, still poised above and inside the naked blond but not moving, stared back at the now fully-formed god before him.

Hercules stared back.

Sephiroth slowly stood up, picking up Cloud with him, never pulling out of the blond's ass. An awkward silence followed.

"I'm...going to go now. Nice knowing you."

With that, both Sephiroth and Cloud, still joined by their most intimate of parts, blinked out of sight. In a far away place, in a luxurious silk-sheeted bed, they completed their anal soul bond and lived happily ever after.

And then war broke out and everyone died.

The End

[1] Fujimura Orchestra crossover. Probably not important, but there it is.

[2] Yanked from the wonderful "Uncle Youji's Book of Love" by Durendal and the Beefchick.